

Semi-Weekly South Kentuckian.

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Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.
East side Main St., over Kelly's Jewelry store
HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

(by Jan 1-1884)

DR. W. M. FUQUA,
Surgeon,
Office Over Kelly's Jewelry Store,
HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

(by Jan 1-1884)

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Auction sale of Live Stock, Saturday after second Monday in each month. Special livery rates given to commercial men.
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And can be seen at their store, Main

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WAR BOOKS.

Seven Great Monarchs of the world. Every world. In every war—unless it be a war among publishers, then what could be happier for rejoining booksellers? Much work is in progress, and we expect to have \$25,000,000 pages free. Not sold by dealers;

ribs too low. Books for examination before payment. JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher.

18 Vesey St., New York.

18, 1884.

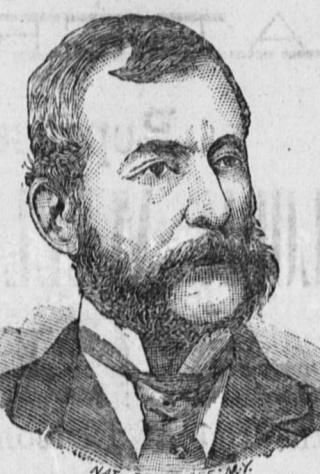
The Bad Boy.

Peck's Son.

"What's the trouble now between you and your pa?" asked the groceryman of the bad boy, as he came down the alley on a jump, after climbing over the back fence at his house in a hurry, attired only in pants and shirt and a coat of perspiration. "There's your pa looking over the fence now, and shaking a piece of barrel stave this way. What have you been up to?" "O, just been doing what pa told me to," said the boy, as he picked up the cover of a raisin box and began to fan himself. "You see, pa is one of these funny fellows. In a cold day in winter he will come to the table and ask ma where his linen coat is, and why she don't put up the mosquito-bars. He thinks it is smart. This morning it was hot enough to roast eggs on the sidewalk, and pa came down to breakfast and asked where his sealskin cap and gloves were, and then he turned to me and said: 'Henry why haven't you built a fire in the furnace? Want us all to freeze to death? If you can't keep a fire in the furnace I will know the reason why,' and then he laughed, and wiped the perspiration off his face. I thought it would be a good joke to take pa at his word, and show him that two could be cunning as well as one, so I went down in the basement and built a fire in the furnace, with kindling wood, and put on a lot of coal. After breakfast pa sat down in the parlor to read the paper, and he began to get a hot box. It was warm enough without any fire, about ninety in the shade, and pa began to heat up. I went through the parlor and I said I guessed it was going to be a scorcher, and a man would get sunstruck if he went outdoors. Pa is afraid of being sunstruck, so he wouldn't go out. He sat there trying to read, and pulled off his coat and vest and collar and cuffs, and boots and tried to find a cool place. He went up stairs, but it was hotter there, and he came down, puffing. The minister and two deacons called to talk with pa about the picnic they are going to have next week and they said it was the hottest day ever was. Pa said if hell was any hotter than Milwaukee it had no charms for him and the minister said this weather was a refrigerator car in comparison with what pa would encounter hereafter, if he didn't change his course. Pa was mad at the minister for being so personal, but he went on talking about the picnic. The minister looked at the thermometer and it was a hundred and six, and he said he didn't go out of that house till after sunset, not if he knew it. Pa suggested that the minister and the deacons take off their coats and things, and so they stripped off their things and sat around and lolled. The minister said as pa was the committee for lemonade for the picnic he better make some then so they could see if he knew his business, and pa sent me to the kitchen to make some. There was only one lemon, so I asked the girl for some lemon extract, and she gave me a bottle of citrate of magnesia, which she said was so near like lemonade they couldn't tell the difference and I poured a quart of that in the lemonade pitcher, and sweetened it and took it in the parlor. Well, you'd slide to see them drink it, and presripe. They talked picnic and looked at the thermometer, and spoke disrespectfully of the weather, and I sat around and watched them from on top of the ice-box about an hour, when suddenly they didn't drink any more lemonade cause it was all gone. Pa went in the kitchen, and I saw him examining the bottle that I got the lemon extract out of, and he picked up a piece of barrel stave and went back in the parlor, and just then the minister, who had sat his chair over the register, to get the draft of cold air, told pa there was hot air coming up the register, and pa and the deacons examined all the registers, and found that the air was hot, and then they looked at each other, and pa came to the door and spoke kindly, and said, "Henry, come in here, your pa wants to speak to you about something, but I knew he was holding that barrel stave behind him to hide it and I didn't come here. Henry, not very much. I think a boy can most always tell when it is healthy not to come here. Henry." Just as the minister looked at the thermometer and said it was a hundred and twenty, and me came in the front door from her marketing, and shouted fire, I went out the back way and got over the fence a little ahead of the barrel stave, which struck the fence right under me. I ain't no coward, but I am like the fellow that run away from the fight and said, as soon as the chairs and bungstools began to fly through the air, he decided to get out honorably, and the only way to get out honorably was to get out quick. Pa will get over being mad at twelve-thirty, and I will go home to dinner. I guess the picnic meeting has adjourned, as the minister and the deacons are coming up the sidewalk with their coats on their arms. Pa is one of these fellows that likes a joke if he is on somebody else. The other day a friend was at our house, and pa wanted to play a joke on him, so he said he would get him around back of the house, and get him into the hammock,

and as soon as he was in he wanted me to reach around the corner of the house and cut the hammock rope on the tree and let him down. When I thought it was about time for pa to get the man in the hammock I cut the rope and tame out to help pa laugh at the fellow. I laughed, but I was surprised to find that the fellow was sitting on a bench, and pa had gone down with the hammock, and he was making up the awfulest face ever was. His pants were split from Dan to Beersheba, and he made a dent in the ground as big as a six quart milk pan. The fellow laughed, but pa was mad, and said I didn't have no sense. He wanted to know why I didn't look what I was doing, and when I told him I did, he was mad again, and said I didn't have no veneration. If my ticket didn't draw any veneration, how was I to blame? I just as just as pa told me to. How was I to know it was pa in the hammock instead of the other fellow. It is mighty hard to do everything right, ain't it? Don't you think our folks are in luck that I do so few things wrong?"

The groceryman said he thought they were in luck that they were alive, and wiped the perspiration off his face. I thought it would be a good joke to take pa at his word, and show him that two could be cunning as well as one, so I went down in the basement and built a fire in the furnace, with kindling wood, and put on a lot of coal. After breakfast pa sat down in the parlor to read the paper, and he began to get a hot box. It was warm enough without any fire, about ninety in the shade, and pa began to heat up. I went through the parlor and I said I guessed it was going to be a scorcher, and a man would get sunstruck if he went outdoors. Pa is afraid of being sunstruck, so he wouldn't go out. He sat there trying to read, and pulled off his coat and vest and collar and cuffs, and boots and tried to find a cool place. He went up stairs, but it was hotter there, and he came down, puffing. The minister and two deacons called to talk with pa about the picnic they are going to have next week and they said it was the hottest day ever was. Pa said if hell was any hotter than Milwaukee it had no charms for him and the minister said this weather was a refrigerator car in comparison with what pa would encounter hereafter, if he didn't change his course. Pa was mad at the minister for being so personal, but he went on talking about the picnic. The minister looked at the thermometer and it was a hundred and six, and he said he didn't go out of that house till after sunset, not if he knew it. Pa suggested that the minister and the deacons take off their coats and things, and so they stripped off their things and sat around and lolled. The minister said as pa was the committee for lemonade for the picnic he better make some then so they could see if he knew his business, and pa sent me to the kitchen to make some. There was only one lemon, so I asked the girl for some lemon extract, and she gave me a bottle of citrate of magnesia, which she said was so near like lemonade they couldn't tell the difference and I poured a quart of that in the lemonade pitcher, and sweetened it and took it in the parlor. Well, you'd slide to see them drink it, and presripe. They talked picnic and looked at the thermometer, and spoke disrespectfully of the weather, and I sat around and watched them from on top of the ice-box about an hour, when suddenly they didn't drink any more lemonade cause it was all gone. Pa went in the kitchen, and I saw him examining the bottle that I got the lemon extract out of, and he picked up a piece of barrel stave and went back in the parlor, and just then the minister, who had sat his chair over the register, to get the draft of cold air, told pa there was hot air coming up the register, and pa and the deacons examined all the registers, and found that the air was hot, and then they looked at each other, and pa came to the door and spoke kindly, and said, "Henry, come in here, your pa wants to speak to you about something, but I knew he was holding that barrel stave behind him to hide it and I didn't come here. Henry, not very much. I think a boy can most always tell when it is healthy not to come here. Henry." Just as the minister looked at the thermometer and said it was a hundred and twenty, and me came in the front door from her marketing, and shouted fire, I went out the back way and got over the fence a little ahead of the barrel stave, which struck the fence right under me. I ain't no coward, but I am like the fellow that run away from the fight and said, as soon as the chairs and bungstools began to fly through the air, he decided to get out honorably, and the only way to get out honorably was to get out quick. Pa will get over being mad at twelve-thirty, and I will go home to dinner. I guess the picnic meeting has adjourned, as the minister and the deacons are coming up the sidewalk with their coats on their arms. Pa is one of these fellows that likes a joke if he is on somebody else. The other day a friend was at our house, and pa wanted to play a joke on him, so he said he would get him around back of the house, and get him into the hammock,



Our New Minister to Germany
THE HON. JOHN A. KASSON OF IOWA.

— 35 —

Hon. John A. Kasson, who was

recently appointed as Minister to Ger-

many, was born at Burlington, Vt.,

January 11th, 1822.

He acquired the

rudiments of his education in the

public schools of his neighborhood,

and when twenty years of age grad-

uated from the University of Ver-

mont.

Upon leaving this institution he

determined to study law, and pur-

sued a course of reading in Massachu-

setts; and after being admitted to

practice he removed to St. Louis,

where he engaged in his profession

until 1857, when he settled in Des

Moines, Iowa.

In the following year he was

elected State Director in the

organization of the State Bank of

Iowa, and in the next was State Com-

mmissioner to investigate and report

on the condition of the Executive

Department of Iowa.

About this time he was elected Chair-

man of the Republican State Commit-

tee, and in 1860 he was both a Deleg-

ate to the Chicago Convention and the Repre-

sentative of Iowa on the Platform Com-

mittee.

Upon the inauguration of President Lincoln, Mr. Kasson was

appointed First Assistant Postmaster-

General, a position he occupied until

the fall of 1862, when he resigned to

accept a nomination for Congress, but

in the ensuing election was defeated.

In 1863 he was appointed United

States Commissioner to the Interna-

tional Postal Congress, held in Paris.

On his return he was elected a mem-

ber of the Thirty-Eighth Congress,

and at the close of that was chosen

for the Thirty-Ninth.

In 1867 he was appointed United

States Commissioner to the Interna-

tional Postal Congress, held in Paris.

Upon his return he was elected a mem-

ber of the Forty-third and Forty-fourth Congresses.

Soon after his accession, President

Hayes appointed Mr. Kasson United

States Minister to Spain, but on ac-

count of the stand he had publicly

</

SEMI-WEEKLY SOUTH KENTUCKIAN.

TUESDAY, JULY 29, 1884.

CHAS. M. MEACHAM, ----- Editor

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT,
GROVER CLEVELAND,
OF NEW YORK.FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,
THOMAS A. HENDRICKS,
OF INDIANA.

ELECTORS.

For State at Large.
IEN S. ROBBINS.
W. F. FLEMING.
District Electors

1-Rhea Boyd, of McCracken county.
2-Cromwell Adair, of Union county.
3-John S. Rhea, of Logan county.
4-Sam B. Berry, of Marion county.
5-J. F. Bullitt, Jr., of Jefferson county.
6-Leslie T. Applegate, of Pendleton co.
7-Ira Julian, of Franklin county.
8-G. N. Robinson, of Shelby county.
9-S. S. Savage, of Boyd county.
10-John P. Salyers, of Morgan county.
11-Rollin Hurt, of Adair county.

Hon. J. E. Hallsell has been re-nominated for Congress in the Third District.

Will the Prohibitionists promulgate a new gospel according to St. John?

The Ohio river is lower than it has been at a corresponding date for ten years.

Fourteen daily newspapers in New York city advocate the election of Cleveland and Hendricks.

There are seventeen German papers in Ohio and all of them are against Blaine and Logan.

Hon. W. H. Barnum, of Connecticut, has been re-elected Chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

It is persistently asserted in Catholic circles that there is great likelihood of Mary Anderson's joining the Carmelite nuns.

It is said that the Montana Indians are in a starving condition and are forced to subsist by eating their dogs and ponies.

Cleveland and Hendricks, Blaine and Logan, Butler and West, St. John and Daniel—you pays your money and you takes your choice.

We suppose there are, or will be, candidates for Congress in this district, but not a paper in the district contains an authorized announcement of any of the aspirants.

The Capital the newspaper to be published by Dr. Jno. D. Woods and Hon. Geo. V. Trippet, will appear at Frankfort next week.

Gov. Cleveland will be officially notified of his nomination to-day and his letter of acceptance will appear in a few days.

Hon. Allen G. Thurman declines to be a Democratic candidate for Congress in the Columbus Ohio district. Mr. Converse, the present incumbent, also declines to stand for re-election.

Cyrus W. Field, the millionaire, gave a lunch to 200 invited guests on the roof of a new building in New York city. It was a toney affair and the whole party had a "high old time."

Horn music was one of the accompaniments in the Prohibition Convention. Is it not a little inconsistent for them to take a "horn" in their National convention?

Ernest Wilcom, editor of the Indiana Post, was cowhided at Evansville Saturday by a grocer named Casper Mohr. Mohr claimed that Wilcom spoke disrespectfully of his deceased brother.

The President has appointed Jno. E. Bryant U. S. Marshal for the District of Georgia in place of Gen. Longstreet removed. Poor Longstreet! He sold himself to the Republicans for an office and now he has been kicked out of that.

Mr. C. P. Huntington, the great railroad magnate, was married a few days ago to Mrs. Worsham a wealthy New York widow, and they have gone to Europe on a bridal tour. Mr. Huntington's first wife has been dead only eight months. The groom is 63 years old and the bride is a fascinating blonde some twenty years his junior. The ceremony was pronounced by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

The Republicans have commenced the publication of a campaign paper in this city which is called the "Semi-weekly Independent Democrat." It is a small five-column, four-page sheet, and the Republican who writes the matter it contains is so ashamed of his offspring that he will not allow his name to appear at the head of the paper. The chief aim of the paper seems to be to keep the public from knowing who edits it; secondarily, its object is to secure the election of that staunchest of Republicans, George W. Jolly, to the county judgeship. There is no doubt that Mr. Jolly inspires all the laudatory articles about himself. Indeed, it may well be surmised that he is the chief editor. There is nothing like having an organ of your own, think the Republicans, even if you are ashamed to own it after you get it,—Owensboro Messenger.

The Republican campaign committee is preparing to bleed the government clerks as usual.

The plan to be adopted is not to make application at their desks in the Departments, but to quietly notify them to call and settle at the headquarters of the committees. A circular covering this particular branch of the trade will be issued in a few days.

The National Convention of Prohibitionists met in Pittsburg last week and put out a Presidential ticket. Ex-Gov. John P. St. John, of Kansas, was nominated for President and Wm. Daniel, of Maryland, for Vice-President. A very long and "dry" platform was adopted. A number of female delegates were present and took part in the work of the Convention.

The cholera report for Sunday from the French cities was as follows: Marseilles, 36 deaths; Toulon, 10 deaths; Arles, 12; Aix, 6; there is a panic in the latter place. The epidemic is abating at Toulon. One case occurred at Leghorn Sunday, which came from Marseilles.

There will be a good deal of strength for both Butler and St. John in Michigan and the State is now regarded as exceedingly doubtful from a Republican stand point. It looks like the vote of the State will be given for Cleveland and Hendricks.

Eugene Kelly—not John Kelly—of New York city has been chosen elector for the State at large, vice Wm. Purcell resigned. He is a wealthy banker and will add much strength to the Democratic ticket in the city of New York.

If the Prohibition Daniel should be elected it will be by a greater miracle than that which saved his namesake, the How tammer.

Hon. James Speed, President Lincoln's Attorney General, has written a letter giving strong reasons why he will not support Blaine.

Gleason, a former Democrat of Cleveland, Ohio, has come out for Blaine. We mention this to give the disheartened Republicans one more morsel of encouragement.

The Indiana Prohibitionists have nominated R. S. D. Wiggins for Governor.

John Kelly, the Tammany chief, is 64 years old.

KENTUCKY KNOWLEDGE.

Williamsburgh is building a new Court House.

The public school per capita is \$1.55—45 cents more than in 1883.

The Hawesville Democrat has changed from a folio to an octavo.

The James Guthrie steamer, struck a snag and sunk below Louisville last week.

Hon. Ben S. Robbins, State elector, is making campaign speeches in the mountain counties.

Wm. Harrison, an English blacksmith, of Louisville, has fallen heir to a fortune of \$340,000.

The editors of the Glasgow Times and the Bowling Green Times are calling each other liars, etc.

John Hutchison, a preacher, shot and killed Andrew Robinson, in a quarrel at Owingsville.

Simon Bryant, a Shelby county farmer, is under arrest charged with the ruin of his own daughter.

A ten-year-old boy of George Deignan and a negro man, name not given, were killed by lightning, at Paris, last Friday.

John Carter, a colored Democrat, has taken the stump for Cleveland and Hendricks, in Louisville.

In a fight between Mike Donahoe and Jim Sullivan, in the Lexington work-house, Donahoe killed Sullivan with a razor.

Of 37 teachers examined in Graves county only 15 secured certificates and only one of those was first-class.

Mike Tierney, of Louisville, was shot and killed by an unknown man at Walton's station, near Louisville.

Lewis Krebs, a German aged 63, committed suicide at Falmouth, by taking strychnine.

Mr. C. P. Huntington, the great railroad magnate, was married a few days ago to Mrs. Worsham a wealthy New York widow, and they have gone to Europe on a bridal tour. Mr. Huntington's first wife has been dead only eight months. The groom is 63 years old and the bride is a fascinating blonde some twenty years his junior. The ceremony was pronounced by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

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At Lexington a section of the wall fell out of a wheat warehouse and buried a wagon, two mules and two men under the brick and 1,000 bushels of wheat. One of the men, Jos. Hes-

ter a workman who was unloading the wagon, was killed and Sam Graw the owner of the team, was badly hurt. One of the mules was killed and the other crippled.

A rough name Pod Henry interrupted Rev. Sawyer while he was preaching at Zion church, in Harrison county, and the minister stopped and ejected him from the house and then resumed his discourse. A few days afterwards Henry shot at the preacher as he sat in his yard but the parson stepped inside and got a gun and Henry lost no time in getting beyond the reverend gentleman's aim.

Maria Williams, a negro girl, poisoned Frank Morton, col., and his wife at Bewleyville, by giving them arsenic. The woman died but the man recovered and the girl confessed her guilt.

In Lewis county the Democrats and Republicans held a mass meeting and agreed to put only one ticket in the field at the August election. The Democrats to have the School Superintendent and the Republicans the Sheriff—Elizabethtown News.

While no meeting has been held, a similar arrangement has been made in Christian county by a tacit agreement.

LIQUOR AND LEAD.

Mell Woosley Paints a Picnic Red and Shoots Bob Goodwin perhaps fatally.

There was a picnic at Bryant's store, one mile from Pool's mill, in the Bainbridge district last Saturday. In the afternoon Mell Woosley got on the outside of a quantity of bust-head liquor and started out to paint the woods, picnic included, a bright vermilion. He flourished loaded revolver recklessly around in the crowd and shot off the weapon several times to the terror of those within reach of his bullets. Finally a young man named Bob Goodwin, a son of Mr. Grand Goodwin, a prominent citizen of the Cerulean Springs neighborhood, went up to Woosley and endeavored to quiet him and tried to persuade him to give up his pistol. Woosley flew into a rage and undertook to shoot Goodwin. The latter grappled with him and Wooley shot three times in the struggle the last shot taking effect in Goodwin's side.

Three ribs were broken and the ball passed out near the spine. After being shot Goodwin borrowed a pistol and tried to shoot Woosley, but the weapon snapped three times.

Goodwin is in very dangerous condition. His physicians are divided in their opinions as to whether or not he will recover. Goodwin is a brother-in-law of Mr. W. A. Pool, of McKee & Pool, this city. Wooley is about 40 years old and has a family. He made his escape and is still at large. The shooting occurred in Christian county, but Goodwin lives in Trigg, near the line.

Young men can find good board in approved families near the College buildings, or in the family home belonging to the Military Department, the management of Major Whidbey as commandant of cadets. For catalogues, An-

Mr. Ella Mason, Principal Music Department.

Miss Jennie Scobey, M. A., Assistant Teacher of Music and Instructor in French.

Miss Maude H. Hamilton, of Cooper Institute N. Y., Teacher Painting, Drawing, etc.

Miss Little Waller, Teacher of Painting and Drawing.

James A. Young, M. D., Lecturer on Anatomy and Physiology.

H. C. Bush, Esq., Lecturer on Commercial law.

Mrs. L. F. Gates, Matron.

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ASSETS

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**Insure With
ABERNATHY & TANDY,
Representing Over \$50,000,000 Insurance Capital!
LOOK WELL TO YOUR COMPANIES BEFORE YOU INSURE!
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Hopkinsville, Ky.

A SCHOOL FOR BOTH SEXES.

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James A. Young, M. D., Lecturer on Anatomy and Physiology.

H. C. Bush, Esq., Lecturer on Commercial law.

Mrs. L. F. Gates, Matron.

EXPERIENCES PER TERM OF 20 WEEKS.

Tuition in Collegiate, Normal and Commercial Departments \$25.00; Preparatory Department \$20.00; Primary Department \$15.00; Board in College \$70.00; Music Lessons—Piano \$25.00; Use of Instrument \$5.00; Vocal Lessons \$2.00; Painting in oil on Canvas, Silk, China or Wood \$20.00; Drawing, Pencil or Charcoal \$2.00; Extra charge for Latin, German, French. No incidentals less than \$10.00. The student will be responsible for his boarding department in all respects, including the payment of his room rent. Young men can find good board in approved families near the College buildings, or in the family home belonging to the Military Department, the commandant of which is Major Whidbey. The student will be responsible for his room rent. Young men can find good board in approved families near the College buildings, or in the family home belonging to the Military Department, the commandant of which is Major Whidbey. The student will be responsible for his room rent.

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SEMI-WEEKLY SOUTH KENTUCKIAN

TUESDAY, JULY 29, 1884.

TIME TABLE FOR TRAINS.

DEPART SOUTH—6:45 A. M.; 11:30 A. M.
ARRIVE FROM NORTH—2:25 A. M.; 3:15 P. M.
ARRIVE FROM SOUTH—3:15 P. M.; 8:30 P. M.
ARRIVE FROM NORTH—11:30 A. M.; 9:15 P. M.
POST OFFICE—Bridge St.
Open for letters 7 A. M. to 4 P. M.
" " delivery, Sunday—7:45 to 12:15 P. M.
SOUTHERN EXPRESS OFFICES,
North Main St.
Open 8 A. M. to 5 P. M.

SOCIALITIES.

Father time is the correct standard for this latitude at M. D. Kelly's.

Mr. M. W. Grissam is at Dawson.

Mr Harvey Hogg, of Nashville, is in the city.

Capt. John Pye, of Cincinnati, is in the city.

Miss Sallie Wood has returned from a visit to Clarksville.

Dr. G. E. Medley and two sisters are at Dawson this week.

Miss Annie Waller returned from a visit to Dawson yesterday.

Mrs. Erie Adams is visiting relatives and friends in Owensboro.

Mrs. J. W. Richards is visiting relatives in Stewart county, Tenn.

Mr. Ike Vinson has accepted a position with Messrs. Wilson & Galbreath.

Mrs. John J. Chappell, of Cadiz, is visiting her mother, Mrs. J. O. Cooper.

Messrs. C. W. Ware and G. Cross Wood, of Trenton, were in the city Saturday.

Miss Nannie Crumbaugh, of Olmstead, visited Maj. Crumbaugh's family last week.

Mrs. McCarty and Miss Julia Reed, of Bellevue, are spending this week at Dawson.

Mrs. Hill and Mrs. Dodd, of Illinois, are visiting their sister, Mrs. Dr. Hickman.

El. Wm. Stanley, pastor of the Christian church, was absent last week on a visit to Cynthiana.

Mrs. A. W. Pyle and her three little daughters spent last week visiting friends in the Sinking Fork neighborhood.

Hon. W. J. Puckett, of Ballard county, was in the city in the interest of the Southern Exposition Saturday.

Mr. Wm. Duckner, formerly of this city, has returned here to live and has accepted a position in Mr. Geo. O. Thompson's furniture store.

Mrs. H. B. Garner and son, Harry, and Mrs. R. G. Rossington and daughter, Miss Sophia, are visiting Mrs. Dr. Prince, at Gallatin, Tenn.

Miss Lulu Russell, of Elkhorn, who has been visiting friends in this city for the past two weeks returned home a few days ago.

Mrs. Gus Robertson, of Fruit Hill, returned home Friday after a visit of several days to friends in the vicinity of the city.

Miss Florence Flowers, a very fascinating young lady of Christian country, is in the city, a guest of W. B. Massey—Dawson Rippings.

Messrs. C. E. True, W. T. Cooper, Duncan Galbreath, Ed. Tandy, J. M. Tandy and John Burnett went to Dawson last week and returned home yesterday.

Cerulean Springs.

There is now a nice crowd of visitors at Cerulean Springs and that popular resort is enjoying a very pleasant and successful season.

Among the recent arrivals are the following: Mrs. Dr. C. P. Bacon, H. E. Bacon, Miss Maycie Bacon, Evansville, Ind.; C. A. Bacon, Roaring Springs, Ky.; T. H. Grinter, D. L. Grinter, Mrs. Thos. L. Bacon, Misses Mollie and Hattie Grinter, Miss Sudie Bacon, Master Meriwether Bacon, Dr. J. W. Crenshaw, H. B. Wilkinson, Jno. C. Dabney, J. W. Sawyer, G. Smith Gaines and W. C. White, Cadiz; Mrs. R. L. Ellison and Miss Sula Ellison, Paris, Tenn.; Dr. R. R. Bourne, E. W. Bourne, C. A. Thompson, M. W. Williams, F. W. Dabney, N. D. Green, F. B. Campbell, H. H. Abernathy, Bryan Hopper and C. C. Slaughter, Hopkinsville; J. E. Griffin, Miss Lucy Watkins, Miss Maggie Wylie, Princeton; Harvey Hogg, Nashville, Tenn.; D. W. Higgins, Cincinnati, O.

The water is in fine condition and Mr. and Mrs. Harper spare no pains to make everything pleasant for their guests. Those who wish to escape the intolerable heat of the city and visit a watering place where they can seek both pleasure and health can do no better than go to Cerulean.

Moonlight Pic-nic at Cadiz, Trigg County, Ky.

The ladies of Cadiz will give a moonlight pic-nic in Prof. H. B. Wayland's grove, Tuesday the 5th of August. The object is to purchase an organ for the Baptist church.

The grove will be illuminated and a bountiful repast prepared. There will be good music. The Italian band from Cerulean Springs, if possible, will be in attendance. All who wish to have a good time should attend.

Attention Co. D. 3rd Reg't. K. S. G.

Order No. 3.

You are hereby ordered to assemble in your army at 8:30 o'clock sharp July 29, special orders will be issued at that time.

W. E. SMITH, Comdg.

HERE AND THERE.

Ben Thompson, Life Insurance. Howe's time is the city standard. Henry & Payne have \$1,000 to lend. Quarterly court began yesterday. Come to this office for election tickets. Go to J. R. Armistead's for the best cigar in town.

One large sized second hand cooking stove for sale at Rea & Johnson's.

P. C. C. cures chills. Sold by J. R. Armistead and Hopper & Son.

Bargains in white bed spreads, at M. Frankel & Sons'.

Wheat continues to go down, down.

L. C. C. cures sick headache and dyspepsia. Sold by J. R. Armistead and Hopper & Son.

Having made special arrangements with the school book publishers, Gish & Garner defy competition.

A "Young men's prayer meeting" meets at the Baptist church every Tuesday night to which all young men are invited.

Mrs. Mollie Edmunds is preparing to erect a handsome residence on South Main street, adjoining Mr. H. A. Phelps'. The foundation has already been laid.

The ladies of the Baptist church will give a moonlight picnic at Bethel Female College Tuesday evening, Aug. 5th. Admission 25 cents. Refreshments free.

The children of the Methodist church will give an ice cream festival in the church yard next Thursday evening. Cream and cake 15 cents, no charge for admission.

A few Elephant plows, made by M. D. Steele, for sale cheap at Abernathy & Co's warehouse. Strongest and best plow known for killing sprouts.

G. A. CHAMPLIN.

Assignee, N. B. Edmunds.

John Boyd the Republican nominee for sheriff of Christian county has no opposition and Judge G. A. Champlin, who is a Democrat, will have a walkover for the office of Public school Superintendent.

Attention is called to the advertisement of John W. Payne, assignee for E. A. Pike, which appears elsewhere in this impression. He offers for sale a very fine outfit of bar fixtures, whiskies, wines, cigars, etc. He also has for sale a lot of furniture and household goods.

One member of Co. B, Owensboro, seven members of Co. D, Hopkinsville, and one of Co. F, Henderson, have been dishonorably discharged from the Third Regiment of the Kentucky State Guards, by order of the Governor, for continued neglect of duty. Their names are given in Saturday's Courier-Journal.

Co. D. has been ordered into camp at Louisville next month and no excuses will be taken from members who do not attend, excepting sickness. All will be compelled to go and remain in camp for a week. Mr. Jno. G. Ellis has been re-appointed Quartermaster of the Third Regiment commanded by Col. M. H. Crump, of Bowling Green.

The contest for the office of Constable in the Hopkinsville district, between Yancey and Glass, is waxing warm. Mr. Yancey is the man who beat Alex Thompson, col., for jailer in 1874 when all the rest of the Republican ticket was elected, and his opponent is the present colored incumbent. The race will probably be very close.

Mr. R. W. Norwood who has been the agent of the Southern Express Company, in this city, for the last twenty years has resigned in order to accept the position of book-keeper in the Planters Bank, made vacant by Mr. J. E. McPherson's resignation. Mr. Norwood has made a faithful, trustworthy and attentive agent and his past life gives every assurance that he will discharge the duties of his new position in a careful and praiseworthy manner.

It would take too much time and space to particularize in regard to the South Tredegar Iron Works, and many others of equal interest, so I will not go into further detail.

All visitors drive out to the National Cemetery, and the register shows that they have not been sectional, but liberally distributed from the different states. The magnificent gateway that encloses this city of the dead, is built of Alabama limestone, with an archway 37 feet in height, in which swings a massive iron gate. It is said this gateway by special contract cost \$17,000. On the outside as you linger here the following entablature greets your eye:

National Military Cemetery, Chattanooga, A. D. 1863.

On the inside we read:

Here rest in peace 12,956 citizens who died for their country, in the years 1861—1865.

The drives through the grounds are beautiful and the whole well kept.

Your correspondent recalls pleasantly a delightful hour spent in the convent of this place, a branch of St. Cecilia, of Nashville, which is termed by the sisterhood here their mother home. The mother Superior and sisters were in Nashville, so we found only sister Mary Joseph in charge, whose winning sweetness and chaste manners, so replete with dignity, and withal, so unworried, that we felt we had encountered an angel unaware. We are indebted to her for many courtesies and much information in regard to the convent.

The Miss Quarles, so well and popularly known in Kentucky, and especially Christian county, belong to this sisterhood—cannot recall their names as sisters. Learning your correspondent was from their State, Sister Mary Joseph regretted their absence, feeling assured that although unknown to them, a meeting would have been to all a mutual pleasure.

A railroad is being rapidly constructed around Chattanooga called the belt road that will surround the city. While Col. A. P. Ball Ex-Superintendent of the A. G. S. R. R. has quite recently bought Look-out mountain paying \$125,000 cash, he will begin in a few days to build a broad gauge R. R. to the top of Look-out, which he expects to complete in 90 days. This will render sight seeing on the mountain, not such an expensive pleasure, as at present a hack costs one \$6 and \$8 per day—while to this are added other expenses when the mountain is gained.

Your correspondent will perhaps

"Down in Tennessee."

MR. EDITOR:

It may be that the many who make Chattanooga only a thoroughfare to other places, know but very little about it as a city. Your correspondent must confess to her own ignorance in regard to the internal attractions, hitherto only having passed hurriedly through. About thirty-eight passenger trains leave here daily, while perhaps as many as forty freights pass in the same time. To a visitor it soon becomes a self-evident fact that Chattanooga is decidedly a manufacturing town, numbering over one hundred different manufactures, for plainly visible from "Cameron Hill," a natural observatory of the city, may be seen the smoke stacks of blast furnaces, steam tanneries, fire brick works, nail factories, plow factories, boiler works and others too numerous to mention in detail, so will only particularize in regard to a few.

To one interested in such things an hour cannot be more pleasantly or profitably passed than in looking through the "Iron Roane and steel works." Here the process of manufacturing steel rails seems to be the initiated wonderful.

The vast tannery of J. B. Hoyt & Co., of New York, is said to be the second largest in the world. Here you can commence with the primary steps of grinding the tan bark and follow it through all its many intricacies until it is ready for shipment to New York, where it receives the final impress of the hydraulic press.

The blast furnace next comes in order; to this we gain an entrance through the main stock building. Here are piled up immense quantities of lime-stone, coke and iron ore.

These are rapidly transported in barges to the top of the cupola, and cast into the seething, burning mass of flame below. The heating stoves are huge. The lever power seemed

while the cylinders that forced the blast upward were large enough to have been forged by Vulcan. Everywhere the whirr of machinery surrounds you.

Your correspondent visited the furnace—with several others—at night as we were anxious to see the iron turned off. Preparatory to this, at regular intervals the enders were thrown out, the furnace being at white heat, the electric flashes of sparks and cinders exceeded in brilliancy countless myriads of purest diamonds, and far surpassed in beauty and brilliancy the most magnificent display of fireworks. Working in this heated atmosphere most surely shortens life. Looking on and watching the heated tread mill step of those who painted with streaming faces, in the intense glare of heat and light, making trenches for the iron to be rolled into form, the thought came unbidden, "Is it right to establish a free trade, that would reduce the wages of a poor laborer like this who day after day, goes through the same process, exposed to the same dangers? It is said this vast furnace is never allowed to cool, not even the Sabbath day being excepted. One day alone would occasion a loss of thousands of dollars to the company.

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If you want a good buggy go to Winfree & Co.

Buy the Blonut Press Drill from Winfree & Co.

FREE ACCESS TO MINERAL WATER.

Board \$1.00 Per Day!

REDUCTION BY WEEK OR MONTH.

W. I. HAMBY, PROPRIETOR.

[May 162-m.]

go up to-morrow and see the sights and may there find something of interest for the readers of the South Kentuckian. OLIVE BRANCH, Chattanooga, Tenn., July 29, '84.

Mr. R. W. Norwood has assumed his duties as book-keeper of the Planters Bank and Mr. Ross Rogers is temporarily acting as express agent in his stead. Mr. J. E. McPherson will take the position of Cashier in the Bank of Hopkinsville to-morrow and Mr. Jno. W. Foxon, the present Cashier, will leave August 1st.

John T. Evans, of Church Hill, is happy in the possession of new boy baby that weighed 13½ pounds.

SPECIAL LOCALS.

A New Enterprise.

I would announce to my friends and customers and the trade that the firm of Russell & Jones has been dissolved, and I have opened business in the elegant new store-house just built

on the corner of Spring and Main streets, where I will be most happy to meet them and show them through my nice stock. I have received quite a lot of new and assorted goods which makes my stock full for the season, and I am offering many bargains all through the stock.

I intend to conduct my business on fair and square principles, and would earnesly solicit a continuation of the patronage which has been so generously extended to me in the past.

James D. Russell.

REMOVAL.

G. U. WEST has moved his stock of Groceries into Gant's warehouse, on Nashville St. east of the railroad.

His friends will find him ready to serve them as heretofore. He has a handsome and conspicuous sign that will enable all to find him with the greatest ease. Give him a call at his new stand.

The Old Hickory Wagon

SEMI-WEEKLY SOUTH KENTUCKIAN

NASHVILLE STREET.
HOPKINSVILLE KENTUCKY

CLUB LIST.

We will furnish the following papers and periodicals with the SEMI-WEEKLY SOUTH KENTUCKIAN at the subjoined cheap rates:

Daily Courier-Journal	\$1.50
Weekly Courier-Journal	.50
Louisville Commercial	.50
Farmers Home Journal	.50
Peterson's Magazine	.50
Godey's Lady's Book	.50
New York Weekly Sun	.50

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We want fresh, reliable, and readable letters from every neighborhood where the SEMI-WEEKLY SOUTH KENTUCKIAN circulates. Give us the news plainly, correctly, briefly and intelligibly, without needless comment or rhetorical flourishes. Let no obituary notice exceed one line; don't discuss the weather, or write about matters of no interest to the reading public. Use but one side of the paper and write as often as you have news items to chronicle, and no offener.

Our Agents

The following persons are our authorized agents, who will receive subscription for the SEMI-WEEKLY SOUTH KENTUCKIAN:

J. W. Williams, Paducah, Ky.
W. B. Brewer, Fairview, Ky.
Dr. J. C. McGuire, Trotwood, Ky.
J. M. Adams & Co., Church Hill, Ky.
F. H. Hancock, Gasky, Ky.
J. C. Marques, Pooee, Ky.
Mrs. Gertie L. Gillin, Lafayette Ky.
B. J. Faulkner, Caledonia, Ky.
W. A. White, Macombia, Ky.

WHAT BECOMES OF BOOKS.

How Literary Treasures Perish by Fire, Flood and Decay.

The world has never had so many books as to-day, and but for the destroying agents that keep pace with the progress of book-making the present rapid multiplication of books would soon usurp for printed volumes an undue share of space suitable for their preservation. The rain and the sunshine, the frost and the thaw, gaslight and heat, mold and decay, children and servants prepare the books in modern households for the kindling of fire sooner or later, or for the junkman, the modern undertaker of literature.

It is estimated that not less than 25,000 new books are published every year, running through editions numbering from 1,000 to 25,000 volumes. There are now 1,100,000 printed books in the British Museum library, and there are 3,000,000 books in the Bibliothèque Nationale de Paris. Our American libraries are wonderfully large for a new country, and it is believed that there are larger collections of books in libraries now than ever before. Bibliophiles of to-day do not trust the old stories of the enormous number and value of the books destroyed at Cartilage and at Alexandria. Even with the steam press, which has been working a half century, it is extremely difficult to collect a half million different books in a modern library, and the accounts of old writers of the wonderful extent of ancient libraries are doubted, because of the scarcity of books before the invention of printing. While some bibliophiles estimate that probably not one-thousandth part of the books that have been are still extant, they are not disposed to mourn their destruction, for doubtless mountains of rubbish were removed which, if the cleansing fires had not come, would have rendered destructive measures necessary for sheer want of space in which to store so many volumes.

The libraries of MSS. collected by the Egyption Ptolemies were doubtless famous throughout the world, and when they were burned in Caesar's Alexandrian war B. C. 48, at Alexandria, and again by the Saracens, A. D. 640, an immense loss was inflicted upon man, kind; but, although Gibbon, the historian, accepts the story that 700,000 volumes were thus destroyed, many book men gravely doubt it. These volumes, like all the manuscripts of the early ages, were written on sheets of parchment, with a wooden roller at each end, that the reader needed only to unroll a portion at a time. The next great destruction of books was at Cartilage, when 500,000 books are said to have been burned.

With heathens burning Christian writings and Christians retaliating upon pagan literature, books disappeared rapidly in the twilight of civilization. Mohammed destroyed books because if they contained what was in the Koran they were superstitious, and if they contained anything opposed to it they were immoral. Twelve thousand books printed in Hebrew were burned at Cremona in 1569, and at the capture of Granada Cardinal Nimeses made a bonfire of 5,000 copies of the Koran. The great monastic libraries fell under the teeth of time in the Reformation. The books were destroyed to scour candlesticks, clean boots and light fires. Some were sold to grocers and soap sellers for wrapping purposes, and a merchant, for 40 shillings, bought two noble libraries containing paper stock enough to last him ten years. Many books from the first presses, including Caxton's translation of the "Metamorphosis" of Ovid, and probably his "Lyf of th' Erle of Oxenforde," were torn up to cover the bottom of pans in the baking of pica.

The great fire in London, in 1666, reduced many priceless collections to cinders, including an immense stock removed for safety to the vaults of St. Paul's Cathedral.

The shells of the German army in 1870 fired the great Strasburg Library, containing the records of the famous law suite between Guttenberg, the first printer, and his partners, upon which depended the claim of Guttenberg to the invention of "the art preservative of all arts." In that fire also the first printed Bible, and many other priceless volumes were consumed.

Mohammed II., when he captured Constantinople in the fifteenth century, ordered the books of all the churches as well as the 120,000 manuscripts in the library of Emperor Constantine to be thrown into the sea.

AN IMMIGRANT'S DATA.

"There is the honest immigrant," said the tall, thin passenger. "I believe he is going to wash his face."

And real y it did look as though that

was the man's mad intention. He had gone to a clear pool of water beside the track, and was apparently getting ready for his ablutions.

"See him peel off his raiment," said the man on the wood-box.

"He hasn't very much to peel off," the fat passenger said.

"Wait," said the tall, thin passenger,

"he hasn't got started yet."

The emigrant first unwrapped a comforter from his neck, and then slowly took off a gray overcoat with a short waist and long skirts, reaching to his heels. Then he unbound a red woolen comforter from his neck, and took off a short pea-jacket of heavy blue cloth. Then he unwrapped a gray comforter from his neck, and took off a leather jacket, very tight-fitting and very greasy. He then unbound a long flannel scarf from his neck and took off a black vest, and then he released his neck from the folds of a gray woolen comforter, and then he took off a red vest and unbound another comforter, and then he took off another vest and a flannel scarf that was tied around his neck, and another vest, and another comforter and another vest—and another vest.

"That man robbed a clothing house," said the cross passenger.

The immigrant calmly unwrapped from his neck a long woolen comforter—

"I wonder," said the fat passenger, "if he got through the custom house in that way?"

And he took off another vest—

"Why?" exclaimed the tall, thin passenger, "he is no bigger than I am."

And then he unrolled another comforter from his neck—

"By George!" exclaimed the man on the wood-box, "he'll get down to his bones in two more 'peels.'"

And the immigrant calmly unbuttoned another vest—

Suddenly the whistle of the train was heard in the distance, and another of the party of immigrants shrieked to the would-be bather :

"Jarlische Jans Krund Bjorneske Bjorneskess! Hotteksiedieni dgakrommick tholrik jd sounden de smock-erick skh eads traingno ausgekommek!"

And then the race began. The train came along, waited three minutes, and sped away, and long, long after we left the station we could look back and see that rash immigrant from the land of Njordvalsen shooting himself into a job lot of parti-colored vests, and hauling upon himself an avalanche of comforters in the vain hope of snowing himself under in time to catch the next train.

"I have often wondered," the jester said, musing, "why the immigrants never bathe from the time they leave Castle Garden until they get to their homes in the far West. I understand it now. That man, in his laudable desire to wash up, will lose a whole week before he can dress himself. And even then he had not dressed himself for enough down to was his neck."

"Wauusen!" shouted the brakeman.

"Was he on?" queried the fat passenger.

"Was he on what? He wasn't

on the train by twenty miles, but he was

on a whole Chatham street bankrupt

stock of vests and comforters, and don't you forget it. What was he on, anyway?"—Bob Rattette.

SIOUX INDIANS.

The Sioux are very superstitious, are controlled by their legends in whatever they do, and never embark in an undertaking without first having the assurance that they are in the right. In their way they are a very religious people, cherishing the greatest respect for the rights, both of property and person, of every member of the tribe. The courtesy of their women is also noteworthy, and even their mode of warfare is in accordance with the teachings of the Great Spirit. True, they are often accused of great atrocities, but, if history was searched, it would be found that members of the tribe had suffered similar torture and death at the hands of the whites, the circumstances of which had been remembered and retailed at the first opportunity. The Indian has the utmost reverence for the "Great Spirit," but no belief in the existence of an evil one. They use no profanity, nor anything corresponding to a white man's oath. Their ideas of the hereafter are vague, but impressive nevertheless.

They believe that every act and episode of life below will be repeated in a fashionable artist for her portrait. He looked at her, and she looked at him, and both were embarrassed. She spoke first: "Would your Ladyship permit me?" he said, "to take the profile? There is a certain shyness about your Ladyship's eyes which is as difficult to look at as it is fascinating in nature."

CONFESSION of future son-in-law to his future mother-in-law—"It is well that I should tell you before marriage that I am rather hot-tempered and sometimes get mad without reason." Future mother-in-law—"Oh, never mind about that. I'll see that you never lack reason."

WISHING to pay his friend a compliment, a gentleman remarked: "I hear you have a very industrious wife."

"Yes," replied the friend, with a melancholy smile, "she is never idle. She always finds something for me to do."

commenced work around the lowest rung of the ladder. Previously this man's check was accepted anywhere on the street. You may be sure such a man gradually mounted up.

Over in Boston a like-minded man fell out. He was without bread, and soon would be without shoes unless he wakened up and stirred his energies. He was a bookkeeper, and at one time earned a handsome salary. What did he do? This he did. He took a cotton hook and went down to the wharf to load and unload cotton so much as hour. Behind another man with grit. The owners of the cotton and the ship eyed this hero. Soon the decree went forth: Come up higher. He resumed the quill and laid aside the cotton hook. Disengagement never weakened the Boston boy. Whiners, with hanging lips and chicken hearts, who curse their troubles with the bottle or the pistol, are pitiful creatures who should never have been born.—Rev. Robert Collyer.

HIGH ENOUGH.

Mr. O'Dwyer rents a shanty on Galveston avenue from old man Chrysler, a prominent citizen. Chrysler called in to collect the rent, and Dwyer showed him over the house, complaining of its inconvenience. Said O'Dwyer: "Mister Chrysler, your house is too low, and the door ain't high enough."

"Mr. O'Dwyer," said Chrysler, "is there anything about this house which is high enough to suit you?"

"Indeed, there is."

"What is it?"

"The rent, be jabbers."—Galveston News.

A BRUTE.

A man who is the husband of a very fashionable and talkative wife was out walking with his little girl, when he met a friend who admired the child very much.

"It is a beautiful child," said the friend, "and looks very much like its mother, particularly about the mouth."

"Maybe so," responded the husband-father, "but I have never seen its mouth at rest long enough to tell what it looks like."

It is any wonder the District Court docket is loaded down with divorce suits?

A FABLE.

"I notice," said the stream to the mill, "that you grind beans as well as cheerfully as fine wheat."

"Certainly," clacked the mill, "what am I but to grind? And, as long as I work, what does it signify to me what the work is? My business is to serve my master, and I am not a whit more useful when I turn out white flour than when I make the coarsest meal."

True honor consists in doing our work well.

COURTESY.

Courtesy is a powerful aid to him who gives and him who receives. Treat even a base man with respect, and he will make at least one desperate effort to be respectable. Courtesy is an appeal to the nobler and better nature of others to which that nature responds. It is due to ourselves. It is the crowning grace of culture, the stamp of perfection upon character, the badge of the perfect gentleman, the fragrance of the flower of womanhood when full blown,

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stock of vests and comforters, and don't you forget it. What was he on, anyway?"—Bob Rattette.

SIOUX INDIANS.

The Sioux are very superstitious, are controlled by their legends in whatever they do, and never embark in an undertaking without first having the assurance that they are in the right. In their way they are a very religious people, cherishing the greatest respect for the rights, both of property and person, of every member of the tribe. The courtesy of their women is also noteworthy, and even their mode of warfare is in accordance with the teachings of the Great Spirit. True, they are often accused of great atrocities, but, if history was searched, it would be found that members of the tribe had suffered similar torture and death at the hands of the whites, the circumstances of which had been remembered and retailed at the first opportunity. The Indian has the utmost reverence for the "Great Spirit," but no belief in the existence of an evil one. They use no profanity, nor anything corresponding to a white man's oath. Their ideas of the hereafter are vague, but impressive nevertheless.

They believe that every act and episode of life below will be repeated in a fashionable artist for her portrait. He looked at her, and she looked at him, and both were embarrassed. She spoke first: "Would your Ladyship permit me?" he said, "to take the profile? There is a certain shyness about your Ladyship's eyes which is as difficult to look at as it is fascinating in nature."

CONFESSION of future son-in-law to his future mother-in-law—"It is well that I should tell you before marriage that I am rather hot-tempered and sometimes get mad without reason." Future mother-in-law—"Oh, never mind about that. I'll see that you never lack reason."

WISHING to pay his friend a compliment, a gentleman remarked: "I hear you have a very industrious wife."

"Yes," replied the friend, with a melancholy smile, "she is never idle. She always finds something for me to do."

A Beautiful Legend.

There is a charming tradition connected with the site on which the temple of Solomon was erected. It is said to have been owned in common by two brothers, one of whom had a family; the other had none.

On the spot was sown a field of wheat.

On the evening succeeding

the harvest, the wheat

was sown in separate stocks, the elder brother said unto his wife: "My elder brother is unable to bear the heat of the day; I will arise, take my shocks and place them with his without his knowledge." Judge of their astonishment when on the following morning, they found their stocks undiminished. This course transpired for several nights, when each resolved in his mind to stand guard and solve the mystery. They did so, when on the following night they met each other half way between their respective shocks with their arms full. Upon ground halloo with such associations as these was the temple of Solomon erected—so spacious and magnificent—the admiration and wonder of the world. Alas! in these days how many would sooner steal their brother's whole stock than add to it a single sheaf.

MEN OF GRIT.

The large majority of men do not use a title of the power they possess. Their talents are mostly in a napkin. One of the wealthiest men in Wall street to-day broke down in business a good many years ago. He went into an office where he was well received, and said to a member of the firm that he had no bread for his family. "I am ready to go messages for you, or perform any other service." He hung up his coat and

"DAYS FORGOTTEN."

They leave behind no trace of light or shade. Their memories to music never made. Some griefs perhaps, soon vanished too. Those long forgotten days. Fair dawnings welcomed the starlight clear, But strangely seems the links to break, We strive in vain the past to wake; Remembrance fails the task we give, We know those days no more shall live. What if the lavish present well repays, We would call back from shadowy ways, The old forgotten days.

M. V. D.

Louisville, Ky.

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An Address to the Democrats of the State.

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At a meeting of the State Central Committee at Frankfort, July 16th, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the Democracy of each county in the State, and of the Legislative districts in the city of Louisville be, and is hereby, requested to meet in mass convention at 2 p.m. on Saturday, August 19, at the Court-house at their respective county seats, and select a new county committee, or confirm the one now in commission. That the report of said meetings, duly certified by the chairman and secretary, be forwarded to the State Central Committee, with a list of the members of the county committee selected: Provided, That the place of meeting for the Legislative districts of the city of Louisville be designated by the chairman of each district.

Resolved, That it shall be the duty of the present chairman of each county committee to give due notice, by publication or otherwise, of the meeting above provided for.

ADDRESS TO THE DEMOCRACY OF KENTUCKY.

TUESDAY.